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waist. By waist, in the following part of this discourse, to use the dignified phraseology of the Lady of Quality, we would be understood to mean the most slender part of the female form. This being defined, it only remains to consult the anatomist as to what is the slenderest part of the human body, and he answers you at once, the muscular part immediately below the ribs, which will also bear considerable compression without injury, on account of the strong, yet yielding nature of the muscular coating which there protects the inner Eve. This, then, is unquestionably the natural locality of the *cectus*. But this, gently insinuates our dearest Lady Mary, in her soft, winning voice, this, my dear governor, will leave the waist frightfully long. Stay, my love, we are your grand-uncle, hear us out; we are no advocates for a wilderness of waist. The interval between the bosom and the *cectus* constitutes the length of what is called by this name.—Let the upper part of the stays then be shortened, so as to permit the bosom to resume its natural position, that which it would occupy if no stays were worn at all, instead of being artificially bolstered up, as at present, and then you reduce the longitude of the waist to moderate and natural dimensions, with the double advantage of giving ‘ample room and verge enough’ to your swan-like neck, my darling, which will then rest gracefully and unconstrainedly upon the upper part of the breast, instead of the tasteless manner in which, by the present mode of dress, it is squeezed abruptly, and shapelessly, down upon the shoulders.—And thus too, by simply consulting nature herself, the female form will be rendered

Small, by degrees, and beautifully less,  
From the soft bosom to the tender waist.

It is difficult to lay down any general rules in an art which must chiefly depend, after all, upon the delicate taste and well regulated judgment of the individual, but there are a few maxims of general application which may be stated for the benefit of those, alas that they are so numerous, who are not thus happily constituted: and first we beg to observe, that a general acquaintance with the Fine Arts will best instruct a lady how she should dress with taste, and to the greatest advantage of her figure.

The greatest beauty in dress is that which is most simple, and at the same time gracefully adapted to exhibit the natural beauty of the female form. This simplicity should be observed even in colour: a profusion of tawdry and glaring colours bespeaks a tasteless and vulgar mind, even if the wearer were a Duchess. Colour should also always be adapted to complexion. Ladies with delicate rosy complexions bear white and light blue better than dark colours, while on the contrary, sallow hues of complexion will not bear these colours near them, and imperatively require dark quiet colours to give them beauty; yellow is the most trying and dangerous of all, and can only be worn by the rich-toned healthy looking brunette.

It is difficult to make the bonnet of any shape picturesque or becoming. The hat, with the large leaf and feather, is always so.

Yet the large hat, we fear, might be found inconvenient in a small or close carriage; it would condemn the wearer to solitary imprisonment, or at least prevent her from enjoying (with ease) the society of a fair companion, supposing her head-dress to be of equal dimensions. Against this evil we would provide

by suggesting a different mode of coiffure for the carriage, from that used in the promenade: what could be more elegant or becoming for the former than an ornamental cap, made of some light material, and which might, by lining, be rendered equally warm with the bonnets often worn in summer? A veil, always an elegant and appropriate appendage to female attire, might be thrown over or attached to the cap, and would add much to its graceful appearance; an adoption of this head-dress would avoid the bitter complaints we have so often heard some of our fair friends utter against the narrow doors of their carriages, which not exceeding half a fathom or so in width, renders an awkward lateral mode of ingress indispensable to the fashionable head-piece.

And now for the mode of dressing the hair. We have often observed that ladies, instead of regarding the hair as designed for an ornament to the face, reverse the kind intentions of nature, and consider their foreheads as horticulturalists do the planks constructed for a flower exhibition, namely, as platforms on which to display to the best advantage a goodly array of shining curls, ranged in successive rows ‘each above each aspiring,’ ‘till we are at a loss whether most to admire the skill of the fair ‘*Artiste*,’ or the beauty of the materials she has had to work upon. Now be it understood that we wish not to say any thing disrespectful of the said glossy circlelets, *au contraire*, we admire them *à merveille*, and think that in themselves they are deserving of all praise, cruel *crève-cœurs* though they be, but we can by no means consent to countenance the undue sacrifices our ‘fairest of womankind’ are willing to make in their behalf, we protest warmly against the total eclipse or even occultation of the open ivory forehead, and the delicately arched eyebrow, and we cannot witness the late unwarrantable intrusions upon the softly rounded cheek, without asserting its rights, and crying aloud for justice; the eyes themselves are scarcely safe from invasion even in these piping times of peace, and we must intreat the active co-operation of the ladies in averting the threatened evil, and establishing an equitable balance of power between the respective claims of features and tresses, though we have never before ventured to advocate the holy-alliance system; and even this we think should rather be considered an instance of *la belle alliance*. Still we would observe that no one uniform mode of dressing the hair can be recommended as superseding all others. In this, as in every other part of the details, each lady must consult the particular style of her own face and figure, and ‘snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.’

Again, as the art of dress is to enable the individual to conceal the defects of nature, as well as to exhibit her beauties to advantage, thin persons should take care, let the fashion be what it may, to dress with a certain fulness of drapery, while on the other hand, fat or round persons, should on no account puff themselves out artificially, unless they wish to appear ludicrous.

Thus the lady with no hips may *bustle*, but if she who has sufficient breadth does so, she will disfigure herself. In like manner the lady with high square shoulders should wear sleeves commencing a little below the shoulder, but the lady with finely formed bust should dress *au naturel*.

Ladies with thick legs or ankles (soit dit

en passant,) should not wear white stockings, but black or dark colours, which by presenting a smaller mass of light diminishes the size of objects.

Finally, all monstrosities should be avoided, nothing squeezed, or puffed out to extravagance should ever appear. The unnaturally contracted waist, on which so many of the fair sex unfortunately pride themselves, is not less offensive to good taste, than injurious to health, and the sufferer who makes such an exhibition, has not even the satisfaction of having the sympathy or pity of the spectators to console her for her self-inflicted sufferings.

We have thrown out these hasty and disjointed hints, most of which are doubtless quite too obvious to be at all new, in the hope, that by drawing attention to the subject, something may be done towards adjusting the general outline of a national costume for our fair countrywomen. In France, where, for the most part, ladies dress and walk with considerable elegance and grace, though still in a too constrained and artificial manner, there are comparatively few of those monstrous revolutions in the fashion of female attire, which so commonly occur in England. We should be sorry to see any approach to a Quakerish livery, but in the present age of enormity in bustles, and licentiousness in sleeves, something must be done to check the tide of depravity (in taste,) which is setting in with so strong a current. The subject is one of far too great importance, to be left with any propriety, as it now is, to the silly caprice of milliners and ladies’ maids. Ladies! the eyes of Europe are upon you. Vindicate the cause of skirts fashioned for defence or conquest, in a manner worthy of yourselves. Forget not that—

“True art is Nature to advantage dressed.”

In a word, ever bear in mind the dignified and instructive admonition of the too-long-lost-sight-of, but not-the-less-on-that-account-to-be-remembered-and-admired “Lady of Distinction,” who aptly and judiciously observes:

“The taste I wish to inculcate, is that nicely poised estimation of things, which shows it ‘worth our while to do well, what it is ever worth our while to do.’ This disposition originates in a correct and delicate mind, and forms a judgment which makes elegance inseparable from propriety; and extending itself from great objects to small, reaches the most apparently insignificant; and thus, even in the change of the morning and evening attire, displays to the considerate observer a very intelligible index of the wearer’s well-regulated mind.”

*Osmyn, the Renegade*; or, the Siege of Salerno, a Tragedy, in five Acts. By the late Rev. C. R. Maturin.

[UNPUBLISHED.]

In our last number, we gave some account of *Osmyn*, in connection with *Werner*, as both were the distinguished novelties which marked the close of Macready’s late engagement at our theatre. Had the authors lived to witness the success of their respective dramas, they must have felt a contentment and gratification which their career of authorship, especially in the difficult line of the drama, seldom afforded. The grave closed, however, on both—to all human appearance prematurely—within a few short months of each other. Had they lived, they

had both of them much to correct, much to reform; each had his ample share of literary imperfections upon his head, which, it may fairly be presumed, the progress of years and a more mature judgment would have served to remove. With Maturin, the effervescence of his imagination, and the wild, uncontrolled, but generally beautiful luxuriance of his language, were his besetting sin: the principles of his taste were unfortunately not fixed upon a very steady foundation; but the genial influence of time would have wrought marvellously for him—it alone seemed to promise regularity and superior excellence to the productions of his muse.

Much of this happy effect, giving hope of still better things had he lived longer, is observable in his last, and perhaps his best, tragedy—Osmyn. We have heard it compared with Bertram. It was certainly not unnatural to compare an author's latest with his first and most decidedly successful dramatic production; but beyond the success which has attended both performances, we should think there is quite as much to contrast as to compare between Bertram and Osmyn.

Bertram owed much of its immediate popularity to the splendour of its language, and the striking interest of its situations: in these was its great attraction centered. Osmyn, with an ample measure, if not an equal portion of both, possesses beside, a deep-toned poetical feeling, more of abstract conception, and displays a more masterly power of metaphysical scrutiny into the human heart. In this respect, it is entitled to a much higher rank as a dramatic poem than the tragedy of Bertram—while its undoubted moral tendency sets it immeasurably above its once famous, but now inglorious and retired predecessor.

The success of Osmyn on the Dublin boards, has been most decisive. It was performed three nights successively with the greatest applause; and the termination of Macready's engagement alone prevented it from a longer run. It will, however, as we are informed, be brought out, ere long, in one of the leading theatres of London; and our British friends will then have an opportunity of judging for themselves.

Meanwhile, we are happy to have it in our power to lay before our readers, a more full and satisfactory account of the play, than our limits last week could permit. We have had an opportunity of perusing the MS. and are consequently enabled to accompany our analysis of the piece, by a few extracts.

The opening of the tragedy presents us with the Christians of Salerno besieged by the Turks, and reduced to the last extremity. The time of action, is supposed to be somewhat about the year 1460. About this period there was a siege of Otranto, on the opposite shore of Italy, which the author informs us in a note, suggested to him the groundwork of his plot, and is the only historical foundation for any of the incidents. Osmyn, a celebrated renegade, arrives to take the command of the Turkish forces. He learns that Manfred, prince of Salerno, whom, for reasons not yet explained, he hates with unrelenting hatred, has been long dead, and that Guiscard, the son of Manfred, leads the Christians. He resolves not to delay his purposed vengeance, and rouses the Turks to the conflict, with the following energetic appeal, which concludes the first Act:—

"Where are ye? Gather round me, sons of blood!  
Sons of the war, where sleep your scymetars?  
Round me—come round me—faster—faster come—  
Spahi, and Sangiac, and Tanizar,  
In all your fell and varied ranks of carnage.  
Ye who with naked reeling step have trampled,  
Crushed limb and spattered brain and gushing blood—  
Ye, who have rent the infant from the breast—  
Ye, who have plunged the mother in the flames—  
Ye, to whom shrieking beauty pleads in vain—  
I need you now—come, in my soul's need, come—  
Sons of the Koran, worthy of its page:  
Hither ye slaves—look to the prize I point—  
Behold yon towers—ere night they must not be—  
On—on—with heart and life, and arm and brand—  
On to the ruin, to the carnage on!  
Pour like a flood, o'er bastion and o'er battlement—  
On like an earthquake, towers are dust before you:  
Up with the cry—for vengeance and for Osmyn!"

In Act the second, the Turks are repulsed in a desperate attempt to storm the city. Osmyn wanders among the ruins of a dilapidated cathedral, in the outskirts of the place, moody and chafing with his defeat: he recognizes the spot as one familiar to him in the days of his boyhood, and finds himself surrounded by the tombs of his ancestors; he hears the voice of Matilda, princess of Salerno, chaunting a *miserere* in the distant aisles. As he says in a subsequent passage:

"After a lapse of twenty years, I heard it,  
Like the remembered music of a stream  
That lulled our sleep in childhood."

His words convey some deep, though unexplained interest in her, and he pauses as she approaches. Matilda enters, sees Osmyn, and recoils in terror. Finding that she does not recognize him, he falls at her feet in an agony of despair.

Act the third discovers Osmyn, still in the ruined cathedral, recovering from his trance; he resolves to spare Salerno on conditions, and despatches officers to summon the Christian leaders to his presence. He then discloses to Syndarac, a faithful adherent, the circumstances of his past life. Twenty years before, he was Guiscard, prince of Salerno, and the husband of Matilda. Manfred, a neighbouring potentate, seized his territory and plunged him in a dungeon, where he was supposed to die of famine. A slave furnished him with the means of life: after six years of captivity, his dungeon is rent by an earthquake, and he escapes; no one knows him, and he wanders through the city unrecognized. One day, on a solemn festival, he sees Matilda, come in triumph, attended by shouting multitudes, acknowledged as the wife of Manfred, and with a child whom she calls on the people to protect, as the son of his enemy. Convinced of her perfidy, he flies, abjures the Christian faith, and as Osmyn the renegade, after an absence of many years, returns to gratify his long-delayed vengeance. The following passages taken from this scene, are among the most striking and poetical in the play:—

"There is a choking agony  
When the heart's torture labours for confession,  
Even though confession's torture; and we tell  
To friend—or foe—or stranger—or the winds—  
That which they mock at, all alike—and feel  
Their mockery as a respite to the pang  
That rent us e'er disclosure—listen to me."

"Oh! when the tide of ruin swept my towers,  
Whom did I grasp at in the wreck?—that woman!  
Whom did my last appealing groan invoke?  
Whom did my bursting eye-balls strain to see—  
(Would they had burst)—whom did the blood I shed  
Drench to her shrinking bosom?—that—that woman!  
They seiz'd me when I could no longer strive—  
They plung'd me in a dungeon of these towers—  
I cannot tell my dungeon agonies—  
Nor time—nor space was there—nor day—nor midnight—

I knew not that I lived—but felt I suffered."  
Synd. "Didst thou not live for vengeance?"  
Osmyn. "No—I lived for her—  
Amidst those horrors lived for her alone—

She was the moonbeam of my maniac cell,  
That lighting me to madness—still was light."

"I look'd on her, as on his banish'd Heaven,  
The apostate looked in his despair—and fled."

In the next scene, Osmyn receives the Christian deputation in his camp, surrounded by his troops; Bentaleb, another Turkish leader, urges him to shew them no mercy—Osmyn replies as follows:

Osmyn. "They've wrong'd thee, then?"  
Bentaleb. "They're Christians and I hate them."  
Osmyn. "And thou hast wondrous reason—mighty cause:  
A helmet hides their heads—a turban thine—  
And when ye mutter o'er your heartless prayers,  
They bend them to the East, and thou to Mecca.  
"The reason strong and just as e'er  
Distorted conscience gives to evil passions.  
Thou art a fool in vengeance—a blut fool,  
Who knows the weight a fleshy frame can bear,  
And lays it on with strong unpitied hand,  
But forms no exquisite engine for the soul.  
Canst thou, o'erlooking matter's paltry pangs,  
Forge agonies for the heart of man within him?  
Bend down the viewless and impalpable spirit  
To writhe in tortures body never felt?  
Thy vulgar cruelty, thou fool in torture,  
Cries out—I hate thee, and will kill thee—mine  
Exclaims—I hate thee far too much to kill thee.  
If thou wouldst make man wretched, make him vile,  
Sear up his conscience, make his mind a desert,  
His heart an ulcer—and his frame a stone,  
Countryless, friendless, wifeless, childless, Godless,  
Accursed of Heaven, and hated—make him Osmyn."

Guiscard surrenders himself to save his country. Osmyn accepts the sacrifice, and determines to bear him away as a slave. Hating him as the supposed son of Manfred, he admires his heroism, and addresses him as follows:

"I've sought thy ruin, have o'erthrown thy power,  
Have flung thee captive into hands of iron—  
Yet there is here a nameless wandering feeling—  
I know not how to utter it—to image it—  
I came to curse thee like the prophet old—  
Like him, o'erurled by a supernal power,  
Lo! I return to bless thee—be thou blessed!"

"Men shall speak of us in the after ages;  
Thus will they say of thee: He was a star  
That sailed on smiling through the depths of Heaven,  
Mocking all clouds—whose brightness was within.  
Thus will they say of me: He was a meteor,  
On whose dread light pale faces doubtful gazed,  
As he swept on his path of desolation.  
Glorious shall be thy light, and bright thy setting—  
My track is terror—and my end is darkness."

[Exit.]  
Matilda rushes in as Guiscard is on the point of being carried away in bondage, and declares that a secret in her possession will release him from the hatred of Osmyn, to whom she demands to be conducted. The fourth Act opens with the most touching, and the most dramatic scene in the play, between Osmyn and Matilda. In the course of this interview, she proves her fidelity to her first and only husband, and that her acknowledging herself the wife of Manfred after his death, was a subterfuge to save the life of Guiscard, her son, and to secure for him his just succession to the sovereignty of Salerno. Osmyn can no longer command his feelings, but discovers himself to Matilda; this passage is extremely beautiful:

Osmyn. "Wouldst thou behold thy husband?"

Matilda. "My husband?"

Osmyn. "Aye—the husband of thy youth.

Him long deemed dead amid the vaults we tread on—  
Darest thou see him? He wore no turban once—  
The glow of youth was on his cheek—his faded;  
The light of hope was on his brow—his quenched;  
The strength of hosts was in his arm—it trembles—  
Trembles to lift this veil—*this* was thy husband.  
Matilda. "Risen from the dead! Away and save thy son!"

Osmyn. "The son of Manfred mine."

Matilda. "Talk not, but save him. He is thy son."

Osmyn despatches his signet to Bentaleb, with orders to surrender his prisoner. Bentaleb refuses obedience—excites the troops to mutiny—seizes Osmyn, as a traitor, and plunges

him in a dungeon. The fifth Act is short, but contains quite enough of incident to sustain the tragic interest of the piece. Guiscard is released by Syndarac; the Christians overthrow the Turks; Benteleb, though foiled, seizes a moment in which he effects the murder of Osmyn, who dies repentant in the arms of his wife and son.

From the passages we have quoted, our readers will perceive that the poetry is characterized by all the peculiarities of Maturin's genius. Both on the stage and in the closet Osmyn will add to the reputation of the author, and its production on our national boards is highly creditable to all parties concerned. Maturin and Knowles, both Irishmen, have produced the most successful modern tragedies. Both are entitled to a high place in the list of dramatic authors—opposite in style, but kindred in genius. The writing of Knowles is distinguished by strength and simplicity—that of Maturin, by gorgeous ornament and splendid figures. Knowles was more fortunate in his selection of subjects: Virginius and William Tell, are hallowed in our memories by long and fond associations. The story of each strikes home to every heart; the incidents belong to the situations, and every one can feel their truth and probability. The more romantic imagination of Maturin searches among the dark and stormy recesses of the human soul, and produces scenes of guilt and agony, and characters of terrible passion and energy, more powerful and appalling, but less natural and affecting. They command, perhaps, our admiration, rather than our sympathy—our wonder, rather than our tears.

1. *Constable's Miscellany*, Vol. LII. History of Music. By W. C. Stafford.—2. Vol. LIII. *Life of Sir William Wallace, of Elderslie*. By J. D. Carrick, 2 vols. Vol. 1.—Edinburgh, Constable & Co. and Hurst, Chance, and Co. London.

THE History of Music, though by no means one of the most interesting volumes of *Constable's Miscellany*, is yet not devoid of pleasant light information, as well as anecdote: the author, in his preface, disclaims all intention of treating the subject scientifically, and sets out with a popular account of the origin of music; half his book is thus occupied by a dissertation upon ancient music, and the music of savage nations; now as we have no time or taste, at present, for the sackbut or psaltary, much less for Tom-Toms and split bamboos, we shall pass over the chapters upon Antediluvian music, as well as Oriental, African, American, Grecian, and Roman, and proceed at once to that part of the book which treats of modern Italian Minstrelsy. We hope to gratify our readers, by extracting for them part of the account our author gives of Rossini, of whose powers he seems to us to judge very fairly, as we shall have occasion to observe by and bye:

"The glory of Italy in the nineteenth century, is undoubtedly Rossini, who was born in February, 1792, at Pesaro, a small town in the Papal states. We wish our limits would permit us to give a full biography of this composer; but we must confine ourselves to a few of the leading features in his professional progress. His father and mother belonged to one of those strolling companies of actors and musicians who frequent the fairs of Italy; and when accompanying them on their excursions, the young Giacomo gave the first proofs of

his abilities. He appears not to have commenced the study of music till he had attained the age of ten years, but his progress was so rapid, that before he was sixteen, he took his place at the piano as director of the orchestra, at Lugo, Ferrara, Senigaglia, and other small towns. He was also able to sing, at sight, any piece of music put before him. In 1808, he composed a symphony, and a cantata, his first vocal essay, called *Il Pianto d'Armonia*. The following year he is said to have written his first opera, *Demetrio e Polibio*, which was performed at Rome in 1812.

"For the carnival of 1813, he composed another farze, *Il figlio per Azzardo*; and his fine opera seria, *Tancredi*. One of his biographers says—"No adequate idea can be formed of the success which this delightful opera obtained at Venice. Suffice it to say, that the presence of Napoleon himself, who honoured the Venetians with a visit, was unable to call off their attention from Rossini. All was enthusiasm! *tutto furore*, to use the terms of that expressive language, which seems to have been created for the use of the arts. From the gondolier to the patrician, every body was repeating *Mi rivedrai, ti rivedro*," and in the very courts of law, the judges were compelled to impose silence upon the audience, who were ceaselessly humming this popular air.

"The beautiful and clever *cantatrice buffa*, Marcolino, was at this period at Venice.—There appears to have been one of those *liasons*, so common on the continent, between these parties, and Rossini composed for her the gay and animated part in *L'Italiana in Algeri*. This opera placed him in the first rank of modern composers. In the autumn of the same year, he composed *La Pietra del Paragone*, (the Touchstone,) which many consider as his best comic opera; it was supported by the talents of Marcolini, Galli, Bonoldi, and Parlamagni; and "obtained a success which was little short of extravagance." Rossini's remuneration for writing these operas was not great. He presided at the piano during the first three representations, and then received his 800 or 1000 francs. Of these receipts he sent two-thirds to his parents at Pesaro, (addressing the letters to his mother in the following style:—"All' Ornatissima Signora Rossini, Madre del celebre Maestro, in Bologna,") and with the remainder, he set off to amuse himself as fortune might dictate.—He was usually *fêted* in the towns which he visited; his agreeable manners, his talents, and celebrity, made him a welcome guest wherever he went; and he was as happy as a light heart and an unceasing flow of animal spirits could make him."

The following particulars relating to this great master's reception in Milan, are also interesting:

"After the Carnival, in the spring of 1817, he went to Milan, where his celebrated *La Gazza Ladra* was written, and performed.—The Milanese, angry with Rossini for leaving their city for Naples, went in crowds to the theatre, determined to cover the unfortunate composer with disgrace; and he, aware of the popular mood, took his place at the piano, with spirits considerably below par. Such were the merits of the opera, however, that they disarmed the rage of the Milanese, made them forget their mortified vanity, and caused them to hail the author with the most unbounded

applause. "*Bravo maestro!*" "*Viva Rossini!*" resounded on every side; and as the master, when thus called on, is obliged to make his obeisance to the audience, Rossini declared, that he was as much fatigued with this ceremony, as he was with the direction of the opera."

We ourselves have heard a story abroad, that Rossini, being disgusted with the Milanese for their caprice or want of taste, set to work and composed a Requiem for himself, saying, after having performed it, I am now dead to Milan for ever, and made a vow never again to enter that city.

Of his talents as a composer, we think the following a just estimate, "his beautiful and elegant melodies sink into the heart, they are capable of being understood, and felt by all—their brilliant vivacity makes them always agreeable, and though Rossini breathes few pathetic strains, and is inferior in emotion, in pathos, and in depicting the more stormy passions, as well as in originality, to many of his predecessors and contemporaries, he is the composer for the populace, the *Artiste* of those who follow music as a pastime, not as a passion, and who adopt it as an agreeable amusement, not as a profound science."

When speaking of German music, the author remarks on the great taste for harmony possessed by that nation, as highly characteristic of their style in composition, and observes with truth, that "if an Englishman hears a party of country girls singing in a vineyard, or a company of conscripts going to drill, he is sure to hear them singing in parts." This part of the work, however, rather disappointed us, for it most unaccountably passes over the names of the most celebrated modern composers, and we never hear one word of Spohr, Herz, Hummel, and others, whose works are much better known in Germany than those of M. Roser, of Vienna, of whom it gives a full account.

Of the musical talents of the Hungarians, our author entertains no very flattering opinion, nor do the Laplanders occupy a more exalted place in his estimation.

"The nomade Laplanders do not appear to have any notion of music. Their singing is a fearful yell; their songs consisting of five or six words repeated over and over; one that Dr. Clarke heard, consisted merely of the following words:—

"Let us drive the wolves!  
Let us drive the wolves!  
See they run!  
The wolves run!"

And no wonder Acerbi used to observe, that, if the wolf be within hearing when they sing, he should be frightened away. When singing, they strain their lungs, so as to cause a kind of spasmodic convulsion of the chest, which produces a noise like the braying of an ass.—The airs of the Fins, specimens of which are given by Acerbi, are much more pleasing."

The latter part of the book, which is taken up with an account of all the actors and actresses that have sung on the English stage for the last half century, contains little more than mere newspaper detail, and is very deficient in interest and information.

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the life of Wallace. We fear the subject scarcely affords materials for two volumes of a generally interesting nature, nor do we think the present author likely to impart any great additional zest to it by the charms of his style, which is often both cumbrous and inaccurate.